

# THE Christian Spiritualist

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## WHY DO I WANT TO BELIEVE?

By OLGA PETROVA.

Has there ever been a mind capable of asking, "Whence, and Where?" that has not desired most passionately to believe in the continuation of the human consciousness after that curious metamorphosis that we call death?

Is there a mind capable of acknowledging the misery of this so sorry scheme of things, its limitations, its many apparent injustices, its ruthless administration of pleasures and pains among just and unjust, that does not make his humble prayer that, if not on this plane, then on some other and happier one, the narrow shall be made broad, and the crooked shall be made straight?

Was there ever a consciousness that, seeing how much there is to be done, and how ill he has wrought his own silver lamp, does not plead for the privilege, if not here, then there, of further opportunity for accomplishment?

Was there ever a brain reflecting on the eternal resurrection in this world of earthly



OLGA PETROVA

Who is now writing a play on Spiritualism.

atoms, that did not ask, "If my flesh goes back to the ground from which it came, and the ground is nourished again thereby, and the grass thereby, and the cow thereby, and the infant and the man thereby in never-ending cycle; if my voice is carried on ether waves eternally to resound within the universe; if my shadow can be caught and held with chemicals upon a sensitized plate that may be preserved indefinitely; if a thousand other to me relatively unimportant proofs of survival are evident, why should this motive power, this thing that I call "I," be the one thing to perish utterly? Is there an intelligence on this earth that has seen death intervene between it and a being most beloved, that has not wrestled savagely with that shadow—beaten upon that great door of silence in an agonised effort to see again the face, to embrace again the flesh, to commune again with the soul of that one who was so very dear?

Why do I want to believe? . . . Why!  
Why not!

## WHAT DOES "DEATH" MEAN?

The two following articles are placed side by side for the reason that they show definite points of view upon much the same subject. The first is by one of the country's most prominent Free-Churchmen; the second is by an Anglo-Catholic Clergyman. Both hold our position as to the facts of Spiritualism; but it can be seen how that position is varied by dogmatic and doctrinal points of view. Here comes in our distinctive principle. They are both at one in aim and motive; therefore let both be read in the one Spirit, so that may be discovered what light is to be found.

### CHRISTIANIZED PAGANISM.

Certain dignitaries of the Anglican Church have recently raised their voices against what they term the "superstitions" and "paganism" which have attached themselves to Christianity, and which, in their view, hinder real spiritual progress. Dr. Barnes, the learned Bishop of Birmingham, and some of the speakers of the Liberal Churchman's Conference, have taken this line. Without committing ourselves to all that they say, there can be very little doubt, in the mind of the careful student of history, that their main contention is true. The question as to how far the "mystery" religions affected primitive Christian teaching is still an open one; but there can be no doubt whatever that the gradual change from the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ to the elaborate "Catholic" system in which the priest and the mysteries are the conspicuous features, represents *not* a legitimate development of the Christian principles, so much as a series of accretions derived from Pagan sources. And there can be no great Christian advance until these accretions are pared away, and the original simplicity of the Evangel restored. There is one pagan feature, however, that has fastened itself upon organised Christianity, to which no reference has been made by the gentlemen who have uttered their general protest against paganized Christianity. It is the pagan idea of *death* which prevails in so many parts of Christendom. The whole surroundings of the modern funeral are the very opposite of Christian. Deep black is worn, blinds are drawn, dirges are sung, and in numberless instances the grave is regarded as the *home* of the departed.

Take, for instance, a funeral in a Catholic country. The doors of the Church are draped with black, and black vestments are worn by

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### "THERE IS NO DEATH."

These are the words of Longfellow, in his poem, entitled, "Resignation," and in them he uses a poetic license well understood. But his words are now quoted as a dogmatic statement. Is not this a mistake? As a dogmatic statement it is simply not true to say, "There is no death." There is spiritual death. Many are "dead in trespasses and sins," and "she that giveth herself to pleasure is dead while she liveth." There is also the death of the body. To say that there is no death is like saying with the Christian Scientist that there is no pain. Is it not much better to face things as they are? S. Paul calls death an enemy. "The last enemy that shall be abolished is death" (I. Cor. xv. 26). He teaches us that death came into the world through sin. Sin is the cause of death; therefore to abolish death we must abolish sin. It was for this that our Blessed Lord came into this world. He accepted the effects of sin, when He became incarnate, "in the likeness of sinful flesh," or, as in the margin, "in the likeness of the flesh of sin." He "condemned sin in the flesh," by never yielding to temptation, and the result of His steadfast resistance was seen on the Mount of Transfiguration. By never yielding to sin, by rising from innocence to holiness, as Adam might have done, He wrought redemption in Himself, and purchased redemption for us. He left us an example that we should follow in His steps, and He sheds upon us His grace that we may have power to do so. The trouble is that we do not use His grace as diligently as we ought. If we did, would not our bodies be transfigured, so that they would not die, but be translated? But so long as any sin remains in us we must pay the penalty of sin. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now,"

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the priests. The terrible Dies Irae is sung, and masses are offered for the repose of the soul of the departed. Follow the procession to the graveyard, and observe how the note of gloom is continued. Then pay a visit to the surrounding tombs, and carefully mark the inscriptions upon them. They speak of resignation; of life prematurely ended; of unutterable grief. Compare these inscriptions with the wonderful inscriptions in the Catacombs at Rome, written in the early days of the Church. These latter are full of hope and joy. They express the true Christian spirit, and they stand in marked contrast to the pagan inscriptions close by.

Turn to any modern Hymn-book—to the section on 'Death and the Hereafter,' and observe how rare is the note which is so conspicuous in the New Testament! We have much about 'sleeping'; about 'the resurrection morn'; the 'burden laid down'; 'the last day' and the like; but little of the greater note which St. Paul struck. The Anglican Burial Service begins with Old Testament Psalms and verses; while at the grave these words are said:—

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down, like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay. Of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased . . . looking for the general resurrection in the last day."

True, there is the wonderful chapter of the 1st Corinthians, but the mix-up of Old and New Testaments, the gloom and the hope, fails to leave behind the definite *Christian* impression of the triumph over death, and the continuity and development of life.

The common language employed of the departed is proof that for vast numbers in Christian lands there is no real belief that 'life and immortality have been brought to light through the Gospel.' 'We've buried him, or her.' 'They're better off.' 'Their sufferings are over.' 'We've said the last farewells.' 'Ah, well, we've all got to die!' 'These are the expressions we commonly hear. If heaven is mentioned at all, it is spoken of as a far-off place to which access is impossible for those left behind. And the very idea of communication is regarded as 'wicked' or 'foolish.' The simple truth is that millions of people are yet under pagan ideas, and their Christianity has never triumphed over them. I know of one funeral only where the Easter Hymn:—

"Jesus lives, thy terrors now  
Can no longer, death, appal us!"

was sung. And the visitors expressed their astonishment at such a hymn being sung at a funeral, 'It should be sung at Easter,' they said. Our whole thinking wants overhauling. Why is 'Sunday' going? Because the idea of the *Lord's Day*—the day on which the Lord demonstrated the glory of life immortal, has never gripped people. Christianity is the religion of life, and life demonstrated in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. That resurrection carries with it the Gospel of certainty and of hope for all men; but people still deny it, or isolate it. They do not believe that the kingdom of heaven is *opened* for *all* believers.

Wonderful evidence is offered day by day in our own time that that kingdom *is* open. The goodness of God permits our dear ones 'over there' and ourselves to have real communion with each other. Hundreds of thousands of people testify to the reality of this communion, yet they are disbelieved and derided, just as those who witnessed to the reality of the reappearance of Jesus were disbelieved, derided and killed. Our epoch is sunk in a slough of squalid materialism. Men have no hope; hence they are preparing for new slaughter. At heart they are pagan. And many of them bear the Christian name. That is the sad thing. Nothing but a revival of belief in the Spiritual will or can save the world. But it will be a belief based upon experience and upon Christ—*both*. When a living, experimental faith is born, then people will know that life has new meanings for them, and paganism will die out.

The Christian Church ought to be the first to wake up and to recover her own Gospel—her full Gospel. When she does, there will be no more talk of empty Churches. Pentecost will return when the Spirit is poured out.

F.C.S.

C. M.

ST. STEPHEN.

In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own,  
We place the Cross upon thee here,  
And claim thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His Name,  
We blazon here upon thy breast,  
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
Christ's service to maintain,  
We, 'neath His banner place thy feet;  
Firm at thy post remain!

In token that thou shalt not leave  
The path thy Master trod,  
We charge thee—Take thy Cross and win  
Thy Crown, thou child of God!

In token that thou shalt not cease  
To live to Him alone,  
We outwardly and visibly  
Thus seal thee for His Own.

ALFORD (recast by J. W. POTTER).

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but in hope of being "delivered from the bondage of corruption." And that hope is based on "the revealing of the sons of God" (Rom. viii, 18-25). God is our Father, and we are His sons. But this is a *posse* rather than an *esse*. Our Lord put the matter with exactness when He said, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be the sons of your Father." Until the potential becomes the actual, and we are "perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect," the gloom of sin and death cannot be wholly lifted. It is part of the discipline of life. Pain is prophylactic. It warns us of ill-health, whether it be pain of body or of mind. Our Father does not save us from the result of our ill-doings. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But God does this: When we heed the warning, and turn to Him, He shows us how we may sow and reap a better harvest. The Catholic Church, guided by the Holy Spirit, emphasises the warning given. In her use of black, as the symbol of sin and death, she is right. Every artist knows the value of a dark background. On it bright colours appear brighter still. The Church is a great artist. Sin and death are no trifles, to be waived aside as non-existent, but to be used. Black, moreover, is not her only colour, nor the predominant one. Every Sunday is a festival of the resurrection, when the glad fact of eternal life is proclaimed, for all those who will turn from sin to God. For men need to be awakened to a sense of sin. When they are awakened, but not until then, they repent, to find the Kingdom of heaven at hand. In that Kingdom they find joy; the joy of sin forgiven. And "The joy of the Lord is their Strength," to "fight the good fight of faith," and to overcome. The Church faces the facts, both the sad ones and the glad, and the true joy of the Church is the joy of the Holy Angels "over one sinner that repenteth." W.A.

## WHAT WE DO AT OUR CIRCLE.

### THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS IN DAILY LIFE.

By the Rev. J. W. POTTER.

The question has been asked by many readers. I will therefore describe briefly what transpired last Monday evening.

At 7.50 the sitters arrived. Never earlier, so as not to excite the psychic conditions by talking; and not later, lest anxiety should achieve a similar disturbance. Visitors for the Outer Circle also arrive. There were 15 for the Inner Circle, and 10 outside, including a Clergyman, members of the S.P.R., and a follower of Zoroaster—a Parsee gentleman from Bombay, and a visitor from America.

We commenced by singing a hymn, *Waiting for the Lord's Prayer* during which the medium sank away in a trance, and appeared as if asleep. The curtains of the cabinet were then drawn down. Prov. ii, 1-8, was read, another hymn was sung, and the lights were lowered.

Immediately the voice of our spirit-friend "Daniel" was heard, greeting us, and offering to answer questions. Daniel was questioned for permission for the medium to have a holiday. It was granted. Arrangements for Circle No. 2 were then discussed. A Clergyman asked a question relating to whether Jesus and Christ were separate personalities. "Daniel asked the Clergyman to state exactly what a personality is, and he could not do it. For that reason the question had to be left.

Our Parsee friend, Mr. Mahalunivala, asked the next question, and it related to the value of Zoroastrian ceremonies to the departed soul. Daniel informed him that only the spirit manifested could help effectively; also that hindrance might ensue if the rite were a bought and sold one.

The Holy Grail formed the next question, and was briefly dealt with.

Mr. Holmyard then asked some practical questions—bringing things to a more mundane plane thereby—

"Is the spirit of the medium in his body now?" "No, it stands without, on my right." "How do you take possession of the body?" "I influence the mind and organs of the medium in such a manner as to be able also to use his vocal organs, I use the brain, and all that is considered there, to give you words, and I string them together as best may be in this style."

"How do you dispossess the spirit of the medium?" "It is not a matter of dispossession. You cannot tell where your spirit is. It is ever travelling with your thoughts; one moment it is here, another moment at the ends of the earth. Your thoughts no more belong to your body than your body belongs to the room you are sitting in. What I do dispossess from his body is his auric form."

"Do you have chemists to see if it is safe for you to take possession?" "As regards safety—well, it is a funny word to use. You little realise how much influence from these worlds is concentrated upon a human being. There is somebody who has passed beyond who is continually with every individual who walks your earth; and this is somebody who affects their lives."

On this evening "Daniel" spoke with much greater rapidity than usual, and was speaking nearly if not quite one hour; and the above represents not one tenth of what he said.

He was succeeded at once by "Umtazare"—a negro spirit who passed over 2,500 years ago. He speaks with us in jovial, homely fashion, in negro-English, and a style that is all his own. The sublime and the ridiculous unite in him. He made us smile much, and he made us sing "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" brightly

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## THE DESTINY OF MAN—UNIVERSALITY.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS BY THE SPIRIT KNOWN AS 'DANIEL.'

Questions being invited by 'Daniel' on coming into control, he was asked, "Is it allowable to think that before ever man was on the earth-plane, he existed elsewhere, although unconscious of it?"

Reply: "What do you mean by being unconscious of it? Unless we react to things around us, we do not exist. In my system of philosophy you are a void; around you is environment called life. Very well, before the existence is conceived, if you have no vision of the things around you, you can conclude for the purpose of our present philosophy that you do not exist. You have no consciousness as to the Creator; the consciousness is the Creator's, not yours. Creation is a system—a universe controlled by Master-minds. You are an outcome of the meditation of these great minds; you are the product of their ingenuity so to speak, and it is they who have the consciousness; you are but the echo of what they conceive. You have similar form in that you are the children of their endeavour; you partake of their power of conception, but not on *your* plane, but on *their* plane—that is, the plane of universality, not individuality. You function on that plane always, but what you call your outward or present consciousness cannot conceive that functioning, because it is an individualistic consciousness. If you attain universality of consciousness, then you are a creator, as they. Do you follow?"

How then is universality developed?

"Universality is not developed—one can hardly say that—it is realised. Development is what is taken from a thing. If you take the individual, you see the consciousness being developed. As you see into the perception of universality, you become a part of it—you leave your individualism for something greater. Although you are still individuals you are conscious that your work is the work of others and that you are a part of that great system of universes which go to make up creation . . . Your mistake was a false premise. You based your question upon the conception of the individual, and applied what I have given to you concerning the universal. If you want to employ individual terms at all, you must employ those conceptions which tally with the individual philosophy. You have the attitude of the individual looking up, and there is the attitude of the universal looking down. At present our philosophy conceives *both* of the individualistic conceptions in this consciousness, because we have not attained the higher conception of the higher consciousness. We can only theorize . . . What I am remarking upon is their application. If you speak of individualism you must apply individualism in every sense . . . The higher is consciousness. Their principle of individualism, whether you deny it or not, is consciousness. The individual has one aim in life, apparently to emphasize this consciousness of the individual. In the higher sense this is also true, for the higher sense is the higher consciousness being part of the universal, . . . taking charge of things intellectual, and dispensations and worlds, moulding them according to individuality, so that you get very varying words, characters, ideas, winds—east, west, south, snow, rain, sunshine, hail, storm, gentle breezes, buffeting breezes—change according to individuality. Is not this sufficient variation? The creation of this one world of yours gives sufficient to answer for you the question."

"You question whether individuality persists in the consciousness which is to be attained. When you have had an opportunity to remove those traces of your world—in fact, half a universe—and are able to conceive of the universe in which the unseen entities work, you will prove the development of character to an amazing degree, and that its attainment is the greatest possible attainment that any man can hope for . . . But the point of view of universality is that there is no discord. Everything works in perfect harmony. You do not find that in dispensations of law, the mouldings by law, or the working of principle, except to carry out the principle of evolution. You do not find a principle developing into evolution—giraffes into elephants, for instance. Is that sufficient for you?"

" . . . Man? Man is an expression of the universal; an outward expression. He cannot be the whole expression of it, because the universal would not be universal if one paltry individual expressed it.

Then universality can never be attainable?

"Well, an ideal is always attainable. What is not attainable is perfection. You can not reach the real horizon; the apparent horizon you can reach, the reality you cannot reach. All you need is to ask yourself which is the greater. You can reach your ideal by universality, but when you reach it, it will be a dead ideal, and valueless. Then you must have a new ideal. That is creation, for that ideal embodies the idea of universality, because the man who most becomes universal creates. You cannot seek universality without that. You must express universality in your creation. Can you ever reach the opposite—cease creating? If you cease creating you cease breathing. The breath brings forth a myriad microbes at every expiration."

" . . . That is it. At the apex you have progressed on past principle . . . That is it; you have climbed upon what is behind. When you get there, with nothing higher, there is no mountain; so you go down again, and up and down again. . . . You need to picture a plane of ideas and not material things. The things material are only an infinitely small consideration when compared with what goes to make up the universe. Get out of the little ways to which you cling. To have an idea you must conceive of it. To conceive of it you must make effort. No one else can do it for you, you must do it yourself. You must

get on your own legs and climb. No wonder spirits return and say your world seems dark to them. It is the darkness of ignorance. There are those who talk of sin. We say undevelopment. Can you call the conditions in which a man is born and developed *sin*? Destiny and temptation if you like, but not *his sin*. Is it a man's good fortune that he is brought up well, and knows never any want of the good things of life, and has nothing of what is bad?—Answer me! It is when you are ignorant you fail. There are some supposed to be indolent; there is not an indolent man on the earth; and none work faster than the so-called indolent man. There is no time or space to measure quality by your speed. Indolence as opposed to energy is always the outcome of circumstance. You find this works out always. You can take a child and make that child a blackguard, make of him a thief, a murderer. You can take another and turn him into a priest, a reformer, a good man of God. And *who* has the credit? the blackguard or the good man of God, for the education which has brought him where he stands? Can you charge them—would it be fair to charge them, with what they are, as compared with what had made them? This must be taken into consideration; and thus always you find yourself brought to this—There is no measure which can compare man to man, but only the measure of God. Measured by God, man is a pigmy, a mite, lost in ignorance and undevelopment, dark, without enlightenment. So *we* would sweep all your laws on one side—all your paltry ideas. It would make you men and women great as any. That is an ideal; it is also a philosophy."

'Daniel' then said Good-night.

## RETURN OF A "DEAD" MAN.

From Lincoln comes a story of the return to England to visit Wembley, after a forty years' absence from the Old Country, of a relative of a farming family who believed him dead. He called to ask for a bed for the night, but was taken for an impostor. He only succeeded in establishing his identity when he mentioned names and incidents known to the family.

Ridiculous, impossible! As if a man *could* return after he had been believed to the dead. He was a wraith, a delusion, a figment of the subconscious, a spontaneous, prestidigitatory, poltergeistic apparition, a silly, nonsensical, fantastic creation of an inflamed imagination; a ghost, surely!

Continued from page 42.

He then retired and was succeeded by a control whose name appears to be as near to 'Hosea' as it can be. He speaks in a foreign language, recognised by a Persian lady, and our Indian friend, as Persian. 'Hosea' is a volatile control, always vivacious, but combines a marvellous reverence with extreme excitement, and always impresses visitors. He addresses groups of spirits who surround the circle, the nationality of whom seems to change at every sitting. We never understand what he says, except as another control informs us, but we all feel the power of his spirit.

The next control was an unbeliever in sad case, who had passed over only the day previously. He aroused intense interest by his terrible state. After he had gone 'Umtazare' told us that 'Daniel' had brought him through to help him, and to teach us how little we could help one in such case. So he was helped—this British Physicist, who died suddenly last Sunday, unprepared for the change.

Immediately came 'Counsellor'—the spirit-leader of our Circle, who in earth life was one who walked with our Lord, and, like Him, was crucified. He prayed: and here is his prayer—

"Our God of mercy, a multitude of Thy creatures in their suffering cry unto Thee for Thy love! O God, they want Thee! They desire the ineffable light of Thy countenance; to sink into the sweetness of Thine embrace, the tender ecstasy of Thy Presence, Thy peace within their hearts, and Thy love all around them. They lift up their souls in their travail, for they have made a bargain with life, and have lost or are losing all that they hold or held most dear. Thou alone canst supply all their need. Thou knowest what with inmost heart they seek—that which the soul yearns for; that which their anguish speaks Thou knowest.

"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen."

Here followed a control whose identity we do not know, who in ancient style and utterance told of the murderers seeking Jesus; how He cast a look upon them, and they knew that He knew their designs, and how they crept away into a corner to debate what they should do, whilst Jesus spake a parable to His hearers concerning the meeting of a murderer, and his father in heaven; and how Jesus then passed on His way unmolested."

Two hours had gone, and 'Umtazare' returned, asking us to sing the closing hymn, 'Our blest Redeemer.' We sang this; a spirit-friend gave the benediction—which varies with every sitting, and the sitting closed, the medium 'coming out' of trance slowly, and telling what he saw and heard, speaking in his normal voice. Other sitters who had gone into trance but were not controlled, gradually came round; a photo was taken by a sitter, which on development showed the two circles of psychic force connected to the sitters by ectoplasmic cords; and in the course of a quarter of an hour the light was turned up, and the visitors departed, all much impressed by what one termed "the most wonderful experience of his life."

That is how we hold Communion with loved friends gone on before, who come back to help and instruct us, and to give comfort,

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PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

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Do not leave it for OTHERS to send. To-day is the time.

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"Nemo," 5s.

'See that YE ABOUND in THIS grace also.'

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rub their eyes open.

CIRCLE GUIDE.

Monday, Sept. 14th.—Hymn 1, Prov. 8: 10-21, Hymn 42.

THE FINDING OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

For some time past there has been a resurrection of interest in  
the legend of the Holy Grail. This has arisen mainly through the  
instrumentality of spirit-workers, who have made many communica-  
tions relating thereto, which if printed, would fill many of our pages.  
Some of them correspond, some vary. One is tempted to speculate  
as to which will prove to be correct, and what will be the precise  
effect of the Cup when it becomes visible—if at all.

The legend that it was a Cup given by the Master to Joseph of  
Arimathea with some of his shed blood in it is one that is fairly generally  
accepted. And in particular psychic researchers are of the opinion  
that the Cup may manifest miraculous properties. We have come into  
direct touch with some who have received strange commands relating  
to the Cup. For instance, one lady, who cannot conveniently go, has  
been requested through a very reliable medium, to go to Glastonbury  
and deal with the indicated location in such manner that this particular  
medium may be enabled to get to Glastonbury to lift the Cup from its  
position, and thus be the first one of recent years to handle it. We  
propose to make no remark upon this command; but we cannot  
help reflecting that the interest evoked seems to be purely psychic and  
occult; and we feel it necessary to ask ourselves the questions—What  
actual spiritual result will be achieved by the finding of such a Cup?  
Will its finding benefit the human race spiritually? Will it attest  
anything other than the power of divining the location of an article  
and supernormal means of finding it? Will it, even if it works miracles,  
achieve a spiritual result at all? Have not people become accustomed  
to "miracles" of many kinds, so that the miraculous only excites mo-  
mentary wonder, and achieves no spiritual result?

And what of the Master—after His Resurrection—presenting  
resurrected blood to Joseph? Is not the conception a degradation of  
the spiritual? Who could imagine the Master doing such a thing?  
The whole conception suggests its place of origin. It has no relation  
in itself to the spiritual. Just as the finding of the Cup would probably  
be a merely material event.

Would it not be better for us to fix our thought upon the act  
of seeking—at the bidding of spirit? For the act of seeking works  
in the soul of the seeker that change and development which the  
spirit-world values infinitely above the material occasion or conse-  
quence? This would be in full conformity with the teaching of Jesus  
—who ever urged to seeking. He who seeks, finds—not *it*, but something  
more valuable to his soul; something which perhaps comes in response  
to his obedience to spirit direction and command; the latter perhaps  
given as a test of the seeker.

WHAT LODGE TOLD THE SCIENTISTS AT  
SOUTHAMPTON.

It was said in a Church; and it has stimulated all Southampton  
and the country. Applications for THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST in  
Southampton were doubled six times over as a result of that address.

"We belong to both universes; to the one temporarily for 70  
or 80 years, to the other permanently. . . . I cannot too strongly em-  
phasize it that nothing goes out of existence. . . . They can disappear  
from us, but they are as real as ever. . . . Many have returned. They  
have not gone out of existence. . . . There are things which are hid  
from the wise which are revealed unto babes. Those are the big things,  
things in which the human spirit is at home, in which we shall be  
permanently at home when we leave this temporary existence. Even  
though the earth lasted 100 million years, as it might, we shall last  
longer than that. . . . the reality would be so overwhelming that we  
were mercifully screened from it in the time of this mortal life. . . .  
The only thing which was consciously disobedient on this planet  
was man, and to him freedom had been granted. Man's destiny rested  
largely on what use he made of it. . . . the material universe was not  
everything. There were still higher things—the universe of mind,  
love, character, emotion, pity—the ideal universe which did not  
appeal to the senses, but in which we were more at home. The full  
force of human affection needed no study. It was an affair of the  
spirit."

These great sayings are culled at random from a wonderful address.

THE WORLD WANTS MEDIUMS.

And the spirit-world wants them, and wants them here, and are  
waiting to develop such. One hundred men, doing what "Coun-  
sellor's" medium is doing, and London would be converted within  
a year. Great and small would accept—except that no one who accepted  
could thereafter be "small." Can there be found just 100 consecrated  
men who will develop. Let them but do it, and the Albert Hall would  
be required for the thanksgiving meeting. Those 100 men would  
beat down every shaft of ridicule, would shame away indifference  
and antipathy from our ecclesiastics, and would bring joy to thousands  
of hearts, as well as real life to the nation. This paper could then have  
records from one hundred great sittings instead of one or two; its  
circulation would be millions, its influence enormous. Those 100  
men must be found. Will they write us? It was said concerning the  
writer of a recent much-discussed book on our subject, "I admire  
him! He's a man!" That's the kind we want. Will such write us?  
For we intend converting London—then the country—then the world.

## A PRINCESS TALKS TO HER "DEAD" SONS

AN HISTORIC SITTING WITH MRS. LEONARD

By HANNEN SWAFFER.

All sorts of people go to Mrs. Osborne Leonard for comfort—the bereaved and the desolate. Hundreds have gone and come away with new hope in their lives.

The other day, there sought her mediumship one of the most remarkable women in England, the Princess Nicephoru-Communu-Palaeologu, the direct descendant of Constantine the Great, Emperor of Constantinople, who, to this day, although she is seventy-six years old, claims the throne of Greece and Byzantium.

Great trouble has come her way. One of her sons was drowned in 1900. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Edmund Hill-Wickham, passed over in 1907. Then, during the war, and soon after, she lost all that she had, for her other three sons all died, two of illness contracted on active service; the other, her second, was "wounded, missing, believed killed," at Fitzhubert, Hill 60, May 8th-9th, 1915.

"Father, had Almighty God willed otherwise," she wrote to Constantine, Patriarch of Constantinople, "and had I been seated on the Throne which is rightfully mine, you would never have been subjected to the great humiliation and injustice which has befallen you. But, alas, I am only a woman who, by some extraordinary caprice of Fate, has been cursed (or blessed) by the soul of a man, a woman who is now old and earth-weary, awaiting the call of her Lord and Saviour, to join her beloved ones and the Blessed in another, and, she trusts a happier world."

She is a poor old lady now, living in straitened circumstances, in West London, but still brave and cheerful. She has fought for many years for her rights, with the consequence that the Foreign Office once labelled her documents "Dangerous and inclined to be troublesome."

"Before the false Constantine was deposed," she says, "my men of the Sacred Legion of Greece, of which I was made Commandante in April, 1915, paraded the streets of Athens with our Byzantine flag and our brassards on their arms. My hopes were raised again. I went, at their request, to the War Office in London to offer their services. They implored to be permitted to fight by the side of the British, demanding no payment, asking only for food and arms and ammunition, their sole condition being that they should be permitted to fight under my flag as their future Queen. But my petition was refused; and Lord Hugh Cecil could not persuade his brother, Lord Robert, to receive me."

"In 1914, before the Great War, I had three precious jewels to give my country. Alas! they have returned to the God who gave them, among the many precious sons for whom the Rachels of many lands still mourn, 'refusing to be comforted because they are not.'"

The Princess laughs, now, at the fact that, when she visited Greece in 1898, her assassination was attempted. She was received by King George at Agrinion—"This is a strange meeting, Princess," he said.

"It is, Sire," she replied, "a meeting between the Past and the Present."

"I am but a woman; but Joan of Arc freed France. I feel it in my very bones that I have a mission to fulfil, ere I die. Count Wilfred Vedova-Smyrniote told me that it was predicted I must reign before I die. This amuses me, rather; for my doctor tells me I may die at any moment, now; and I certainly don't want to become Madame Methuselah!"

She talks of Constantinople as though it belonged to Greece by right, and recalls an ancient prophecy which declares that, when she enters St. Sophia to make it a Christian Church again, the Patriarch is to appear before her, crown her, and drop in dust at her feet. When the Moslems entered St. Sophia, he was officiating at the Altar. As they rushed to assassinate him, the wall behind him opened to receive him, then closed, he remaining there until this day. Thus the legend. She talks laughingly of part of the prophecy, but is still full of hope of the rest.

The Princess's sitting with Mrs. Leonard was an extraordinary one. You must realise that Mrs. Leonard had no idea who she was. She had never seen her before. No name was given. The Princess looked just like an ordinary cultured highly-educated woman, dressed in her simple black. That was all. But the old lady got evidence that was overwhelming, not that she wanted any; for she has been a convinced Spiritualist for years. She has had too many extraordinary experiences to be otherwise.

How the evidence came is too long and detailed a story for me to tell here. But very soon, after a description of her little daughter, who had died very young, Feda said, "You cannot go over yet. Isn't it a nuisance? (That is Feda's oft-used phrase). You have got things

to do. He did not think he would have to wait so long for you. He wants you so."

This was Feda speaking for her husband, who so wanted her to join him. Her eldest son then spoke. He told her he was organizing meetings to influence people on this side: that he had very important work to do; that though they all three lived with their father in the house they called their headquarters, he and his brothers were often away on their Master's business. There was great activity on "the Other Side"—as they called it.

"He is glad he did not know. It cannot be long now. We are here waiting when the time comes. You will see us standing waiting for you."

"That is my husband," said the Princess. "Will you give me the Christian name of the one who speaks?"

Then Feda tried to get the name through. She thought at first it was Edward. Then she tried Edgar and Edwin.

"She got very near," said the Princess, afterwards. "It was Edmund."

But I know how hard the names are at these first sittings.

"Do you know the little record book?" said Feda, "I mean a book with the names in." She was trying to describe the Princess's proud record of her family's services in the war, with the names and dates.

I cannot go into all the details of the sitting; but then the Princess's husband was described, so that the old lady *immediately knew who it was*.

"You've been looking at his picture and thinking of him," said Feda. "Also those of your sons."

"Yes, *always*," said the Princess. "He and our beloved sons—they are my life. I am *in* the world, not *of* it."

"You've been looking at the picture lately, wondering."

"Yes," she said, "sometimes it seems alive and smiles at me."

"He tries to look at you through the picture."

The Princess had given Mrs. Osborne Leonard a locket to hold, closed, which contained the photograph of her second and youngest sons, and the hair of her husband and the two sons, whose likenesses were in the locket. Theodore, the eldest one, said: "There are two other lockets."

"Quite true! I had only had them given me quite lately, by a friend. My husband and my other two sons are to go in them. Jet lockets are so difficult to procure now."

The Princess told me, after, how, when she had looked at her husband's and sons' photographs, it often seemed that the eyes were alive, and followed her about the rooms, particularly that of her youngest boy, the last to leave her. They were all in all to each other; all her children adored her; but he was her Benjamin.

"Yes, he tries to build himself up over it," said Feda. He feels you were

afraid you were imagining it. 'Oh,' you've said, 'it's almost lifelike.' He was trying to get inside it, over it, *in* it. Yet you said, 'I suppose it is only imagination.'

"I do that with my thought," he says," explained Feda. "'You could not get cold because of him,' he says. Do you know he was kneeling beside you, and put often his arms round you? He held you very tight to him. You were really enfolded."

"Yes," said the Princess, "when, after he went, I knelt by his bed, I have felt his arms right round me."

"He has been helping you literally, mentally and spiritually through the time when you could not have lived, or kept your mind," said Feda. "He knew you were not coming at once, so he did everything he could to comfort you."

The Princess said all this was true—that all through her early days of mourning she knew she was being helped.

"He wants to tell you," said Feda, "how happy he is now in the complete confidence, not belief, but a knowledge of God."

And then, referring to the financial troubles the Princess has suffered after her bereavement, Feda went on: "He tried to tell you not to regret. We cannot keep everything."

I can picture the poor old lady parting with her little treasures, one by one, rather than give in.

"We cannot keep everything," he says," went on Feda. "He tried so hard to comfort you. He has been to you in the night, since then. Sometimes, he puts his arms around you. He does not think you knew what you were feeling, the first nights after he went over. That is God's goodness."



EUGENIA,  
Hereditary Empress of Constantinople.

"I can see the ultimate end of everything, now, more than I could on earth. I've been with the boys," went on the message Feda gave the Princess from her husband. "We see a great deal of each other, although their work isn't the same as mine. They're working specially in different ways. We are all working for the good of those on earth, not in any particular country or sphere. We are trying to help spiritual progress, struggling along where you are."

"This is a time of great hope. He is looking forward to very great and wonderful happenings in a few years. It will be a wonderful time for those of us who are allied by spiritual vibrations, and whose work it is to help in the great coming revelations. We shall be with you. You will see and hear us in a way you could never have dreamed or imagined."

"I see four spirits with him," said Feda.

"They were my four sons, I know," said the Princess.

"He has got a collection of boys," went on the spirit guide. "He has counted—one, two, three, four. He's got them all safe. I never knew anyone with so many boys in a bunch. It seems hard he should have them, in a way; but it can only be a few years now."

"I want it to be a few weeks," said the Princess.

"No," said Feda, "I think it will be much more. I do not know. It might only be a few months. But not a few days. It might be a few years. When you do come, how much better it will be to have them all here, instead of wondering what they are doing somewhere else. So many things happen to those left on earth."

"Here we shall be all safe together," he says," went on Feda, "living in love and harmony, perfect health and freedom from all mundane worries."

"I might not have used these words myself," put in Feda, on her own; "but he's got a good brain, a good constabulary, I mean vocabulary. He could have spoken on earth. He had command of words and could have expressed himself well, writing more easily than speaking. He hoped at one time you would be allowed to pass over soon."

"I prayed to God I could go, too," commented the Princess.

"Afterwards, he was always expecting you, for he hardly believed you could live. 'I knew you would be here some day,' he says, 'so I set about making a home and conditions that I knew you would like near you.'" And Feda described a dwelling in detail.

"That is like our bungalow in India," said the Princess. It was all evidential.

"He loves to plan for you," said Feda.

"Yes," said the Princess; "he once planted 2,000 pots of roses for me in readiness for my coming."

"Yes, he's got all them over here," said Feda. "He's got roses in those big wooden things. He's got some making a kind of avenue. It's like walking through an alley. He has broken off pieces and let you smell them."

"Yes," said the Princess, "I have smelled flowers in my room. I thought it was he."

"He knows," said Feda. "That is what he wanted you to understand. He's done it before, but not so pronounced. Will you keep your nose open for him? He will do it again. He loves planning out things—some things for the home he has made himself, so that you would like them."

"Not furniture," said the Princess, "they would be too funny for words if he did."

"No," said Feda. "He doesn't think you would think him capable."

"That is true," said the Princess, laughing. "He could not make anything like that."

"He's been awfully careful to make what he thought you would like. So he arranges them. He has put seats in the windows."

"Yes," said the Princess, "he knows my mania for cushion seats."

"He has got them," said Feda. "He thought you would start altering them when you came; so he thought this would save arguments. He's been very clever arranging them. He says when you did come over he thinks you

will be pleased with him. You have been with him in the night time."

"Yes," said the Princess. "I think I have seemed to remember it when I woke up."

"Yes, you have been with him on the other side," said Feda, "and this helped you mentally the next day. You did not like coming back in the morning. When you woke up and found it was another day, you said, 'Isn't it a nuisance?'"

That is what she says, as a rule.

"Music is very wonderful over here," he says," went on Feda.

"That would be true of my husband," said the Princess.

"He often goes to hear very wonderful music. He does not mean music is just pleasure, or being agreeable sounds. He says music is used here as a method of teaching and healing and is put to many uses. He plays; but he not only plays. He makes up music, composes. He can play the strings and play anything. When he wants to play a new instrument, he does not have to learn it."

"His soul understands music. He does not simply like it. His soul loves it, revels in it. He says he plays for other people. He hopes you will hear him, one day, when he plays. Now he has had a talk he will be able to manifest himself in different ways. There has been passing in his mind some more definite communication. That scent was straight from his garden bouquet. He gathered it and filled the air with it. . . . Did he have a good many drawings?"

"Yes," said the Princess. "We had Land-seers, many valuable prints, which decorated his bachelor quarters; but, alas, they are all sold now."

"Yes, he had some first impressions," said Feda. "It does not matter about selling them on the earth. He has had great pleasure here at meeting artists and masters he admired on earth. He can see them at work. They have some work here to do a thousand times better than they ever did on earth."

"He wants to show himself to you. That is a promise. He'll do it. Two or three times he has tried to show a light."

"Yes, I've seen it three times," said the Princess, "and often a kind of thick haze forms from the air round me. Eyes develop themselves; faces appear. Twice I have seen the face of my youngest son, Clyde. The last time I saw it, it changed."

"Do not concentrate, nor expect it," said Feda. "Then you will see it easier. It isn't the light that is important. He's trying to show himself inside the light. That is what he was trying to impress you at the time."

"Yes, as I have told you, I have seen their eyes," said the Princess. "They are very bright and clear. They show themselves in the light."

"I have seen a head, too, several times," explained the old lady. "It has gray hair, curly and thick; but the forehead has a queer refulgence about it in patches, like the phosphorescence one sees on decaying vegetable matter. This face rather frightens me. It has such sad, wild eyes. It is very strange how eyes haunt me."

"In 1900, when my third son was drowned, there were eyes—eyes everywhere. Once, when I was kneeling by his bed, praying to know if he was happy, a bright globe floated down, like alabaster, with a refulgence through it, his eyes and eye-brows very clearly marked. They came very near mine—very calm, very beautiful; but they did not seem as loving as they were on earth."

"Strange! when I went out at night, I used to see one enormous eye in the sky. It followed me everywhere. Some people told me I was obsessed; so I went to my Archbishop of Zante—He took me by the hand and led me to the middle of the aisle of our Church in Moscow Road; he pointed upward. There was the Eye!"

"You are favoured, my daughter," said the old priest. "It is the Eye of God which is watching over you, as it watches over the whole earth."

"Do you know that on the other side they even get clothes ready for you?" went on Feda.

"Yes, I know. I dreamt once that my husband came to me and showed me a semi-transparent, loose robe of pale blue, all embroidered in silver and pale pink stones. I thought they were topazes."

Then Feda tried to describe the house the Princess's husband had made.

"It's got a verandah," she said; and she described the dark red roses growing and the yellowy ones, and all kinds of flowers. "I do not think you like poppies. You won't be so pleased; but he's got poppies. They're rather symbolical. 'Don't try to think what I mean,' he says, 'but just remember you've got a poppy, an artificial one, at home.'"

The Princess remarked that, to her second son's portrait, last Armistice Day, she had fastened an artificial poppy, because she could not buy any real ones.

As additional evidence of her husband's identity, came an apology for his love of hunting on the earth.

"He does not like hunting much, now," said Feda. "He did it on earth because he had not thought it out. Here there is no destruction, nothing that will cause suffering. He expects you will say: 'I told you so.' Destruction is all wrong."

The Princess explained that once, when her husband insisted on her going rook shooting, she burst into a flood of tears, overcome by the cruelty.

"He says that people only do these things because other people do it; so they feel it cannot be wrong."

The final message was one of great comfort to the old lady.

"They all say, the next time you join them it will be soon over," said Feda. "There will be no dying, there, no parting, no separations. You will all be there together. Your gentleman says it will have been worth waiting for. These five all come together, specially. They live in the bungalow they call their headquarters. All but one were officers on earth. They are the nearest to you in love and devotion. They want to show they will carry out the promises they have made. Look out for the perfumes and the light."

"I have smelt the perfume," said the old lady. "One morning when my friend, the Comtesse de Tilly, came into my bedroom, it was very strong. She could not smell it, however."

The old lady came away from Mrs. Leonard's house full of a new hope. Earthly thrones do not seem of much importance when you are united with your lost ones.

"Pomp and grandeur are as nothing, when compared to Treasure in Heaven." Those were her final words.

## OUR CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A WORD TO MOTHERS.

By DOROTHY VIDAL DIEHL.

When does the Spirit enter the body? Repeatedly I have heard this question asked, but never, to my knowledge, has it been satisfactorily answered.

I am not going to attempt to answer it now. I just want to tell of my personal experience, which has some bearing on the subject. It may help a disappointed woman, and give her a grain of comfort, till time, the great healer, or, maybe, other little clinging fingers come along and with their caresses bring healing to the aching heart.

On Christmas Day, 1906, a little daughter was given to me. Hardly had the little one taken its first breath on this material plane before it passed on again. I need not speak of my grief. Those to whom this experience will appeal will understand. We had made up our minds about the baby's name some weeks before. My husband's brother and his wife from Los Angeles had been spending the summer with us. We promised them that if the expected baby should be a boy we would

September 9th, 1925.

call him Arthur, after girl, that she should Eugenie.

One striking feature was the fact that a blue that I have ever Nurse called them. that the little one stillborn. Nurse, little eyes opened, most pathetic expression she passed on.

Often—during the would find myself in the garden, he in my arms. This and as time went to be growing, making as she would have on this plane. I forted after these only as dreams, of them to myself time that I have I was not at the

The years passed Soon after coming medium whom.

"I had lost a daughter."

"No," I replied.

Then she described a young girl who

A young girl.

"Pansy colour."

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THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

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call him Arthur, after the brother, but if a girl, that she should bear the sister's name, Eugenie.

One striking feature about this little one was the fact that she had eyes of the deepest blue that I have ever seen. "Pansy eyes," Nurse called them. I afterwards discovered that the little one had been registered as stillborn. Nurse, however, declared that the little eyes opened, looked up at her with a most pathetic expression, then, with a sigh, she passed on.

Often—during the night, in "dreams," I would find myself seated in my favourite spot, in the garden, holding little "Pansy eyes" in my arms. This did not happen every night, and as time went on the little one seemed to be growing, making much the same progress as she would have done if she had remained on this plane. I always felt somewhat comforted after these "visits." I thought of them only as dreams, and I kept the knowledge of them to myself. Indeed, this is the first time that I have disclosed these happenings. I was not at that time a Spiritualist.

The years passed on. I became a Spiritualist. Soon after coming into the movement, a medium whom I was visiting, asked me if "I had lost a daughter?"

"No," I replied. "Why?"

Then she described to me the form of a young girl who was calling me "Mother." A young girl with most wonderful eyes. "Pansy colour."

That made me enquire of her if it could possibly be that my little one had grown up on the Spirit side of life? To my joy I found that this was indeed so, and since that time I have often received the same description from different mediums. They all mention the eyes. One medium, getting the name, not very distinctly, I admit, but quite clearly enough for me to understand it.

Not long ago, at the close of one of our meetings, I was standing at the back of the hall, with my youngest daughter. A young ~~girl~~ <sup>medium</sup> had just given a most wonderful demonstration of his clairvoyant powers. He described my little Pansy-eyes with me, and said that "she was most anxious to attach herself to the young daughter who was with me, as her Guide, and would be of great help to her." I thanked him. I also thanked my Pansy-eyes too, for though unknown to him, my little daughter was about to leave me and travel for some time. I knew that her influence would both guide and guard my daughter, who was delighted to know that she would have her angel sister with her. I thought that this was a splendid test. What more can I say? Pansy-eyes has kept her word. Indeed, these gentle spirit ones of ours never fail us. It is up to us to see that we do not fail them.

NEXT ISSUE.—Very important matter is being published, which should interest YOUR FRIENDS; whether it will astonish them depends upon whether you get it to their notice or not.

## SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.

By the Rev. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE,  
*Vicar of Weston, and Author of "Man's Survival after Death."*

### COMMUNICATION WAS PRACTISED BY CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES.

Christ communicated with Moses and Elias, and the Apostles heard them conversing together, and later, after the Crucifixion, the Apostles communicated with the Christ during the great forty days, as did St. Paul in the Temple and St. John in the Isle of Patmos; St. John also communicating with one who describes himself as "a fellow servant with him and his brethren." And this in spite of Isaiah viii. 19, thus stamping communication with the departed as lawful for Christian men.

This communication forms part of the "Communion of Saints," an essential part of Christian doctrine and practice, and designed not only as a link between members of the Church on earth, but also on its psychic side between earth and heaven, and a constant witness to survival and "the life of the world to come." The Church defines the Communion of Saints as communion with the saints upon earth (the Church militant); with angels; and, lastly, with the saints departed (the Church triumphant). Evidently, therefore, the greater part of this communion is with spirits—angels and the departed. Communion means fellowship, mutual intercourse. There can be no effectual fellowship and mutual intercourse without communication. It is idle to deny it, and utterly vain to say that this communion consists of some mystical and emotional experiences "independent of material agency." If it were so, how could it be proved that these emotional experiences were not purely subjective, and thus of no evidential value?

The Church cannot produce a scrap of evidence of communion with the spirit world and the departed which is independent of the objective.

The communion with the departed enjoyed by Christ and the Apostles was not independent of the objective, but objective and real. Vain is it to express interest in the departed and sympathy with the bereaved, and at the same time to bang the door on this real and objective psychic communion, and thus deprive the bereaved of the evidence and the unspeakable comfort which it brings.

The statement that the departed are "brought back" and "hindered in their spiritual progress" is not true. No power of ours can compel them to return. We can but afford the means and opportunity of return of which they gladly avail themselves. This practical "communion with the saints" departed should be re-established in the Church.

SPIRIT BENEDECTION.—"Let us firmly take to ourselves what we know to be good, and as firmly reject all evil. Amen."

## FROM—

Dulwich.—"I like the paper exceedingly."

North Shields.—"An ideal paper."

Reading.—"I think it very great."

Middlesboro.—"Send me another copy."

Southampton.—"Shall like to read it regularly"

Whitehaven.—"Hope you will get lots of subscribers."

Kensington.—"I seem to have been led directly to a shop where it was on view at the door, as I hesitated at first for some time about going in that direction. I have since felt that someone very dear to me on the Other Side, wanted me to know about it."

Isle of Wight.—"Delighted with its contents, and the tone in which they are written."

Croydon.—"There is no doubt of the crying need of such a paper."

Strand.—"I would like to see those little squares filled up better."

Morecambe.—"Send me two dozen copies."

Southampton.—"It is just the paper for me, and I am pleased I have come across it."

Hampshire.—"Kindly increase our order from one dozen to six dozen."

Bargoed.—"We will do our utmost to obtain readers."

Peterboro.—"We will persuade our Church members to take it regularly."

Rev. Walter Wynn.—"I enjoy reading your paper, for which I heartily thank you."

A correspondent in *The Morning Post* suggests that there is great need of a great religious revival. He is of the opinion that it could be brought about by a great development of "optimism," and a consensus of it in the Churches. And he has also found that "We are all groping too much without guidance."

Well, let him get on with it, and see what "optimism" will accomplish. We will be optimistic so as not to discourage him, and we are optimistic that he will find the need of something greater than optimism. Was that revelation to the men walking to Emmaus—or the revelation of Easter morning and evening—made to men filled with optimism? Great revolutions of all kinds are wrought in pain and affliction, and the only Church subjected to pain and affliction in England to-day is that known as Spiritualist. They have found something greater than optimism. But the said letter illustrates how far that particular person can see. If people will "grope" in the right direction they may find "guidance." But our belief is that it will come, not through the Church, but through the Press. Surely the present great awakening, wrought through the Press, with the Church standing aloof, is a sign of the times!

"The worst enemies of Jesus Christ are those who make Him incredible. How can they love and honour one they cannot understand? There are children in the Spiritualist Lyceums of the country who know more of psychic facts than Dean Inge of St. Paul's, or Dr. Barnes of Birmingham."—Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

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